CLEAVELAND'S PETITION To His HIGHNESSE THE LORD PROTECTOR.

May it please your Highness,

RUlers within the Circle of their Government have a claim to that which is said of the Deity, *They have their Center every where, and their Circumference no where.* It is in this confidence that I address to your *Highness*, as knowing no place in the Nation is so remote, as not to share in the ubiquity of your care; no Prison so close, as

to shut me up from partaking of your influence. My *Lord*, it is my misfortune, that after ten years of retirement from being ingaged in the difference of the State, having wound my selfe up in a private recess, and my comportment to the publique, being so inoffensive, that in all this time, neither feares nor jealousies have scrupled at my Actions: Being about three moneths since at *Norwich*, I was fetched with a guard before the Commissioners, and sent Prisoner to *Yarmouth*, and if it be not a new offence to make inquiry wherein I offended (for hitherto my faults are kept as close as my Person,) I am induced to believe, that next to the adherence to the Royal party, the cause of my confinement is the narrowness of my estate; *for none stand committed whose estate can bail them*; I onely am the Prisoner, who have no Acres to be my hostage. Now if my poverty be Criminal (with Reverence be it spoken,) I must implead your

Highness,

Highneſs, whoſe victorious Arms have reduc'd me to it, as acceſſary to my guilt. Let it ſuffice my Lord, that the calamity of the War hath made us poor; do not puniſh us for it! *Who ever did Penance for being raviſhed?* Is it not enough that we are ſtript ſo bare, but it muſt be made in order to a ſeverer Laſh? muſt our ſkars be engraven with new wounds? muſt we firſt be made Cripples, then beaten with our own Crutches? Poverty! if it be a fault, it is its own puniſhment; Who ſuffers for it more, pays Uſe upon uſe. I beſeech your *Highneſs* put ſome bounds to our overthrow, and do not purſue the chaſe to the other World; Can your thunder be levelled ſo low as our groveling Conditions? Can that towering Spirit that hath quarried upon Kingdoms make a ſtoop at us, who are the rubbiſh of thoſe ruines? Methinks! I hear your former Archievments interceding with you not to ſully your glories, with trampling on

the proſtrate, nor Clog the wheels of your Chariot with ſo degenerous a Triumph. The moſt renowned *Heroes* have ever with ſuch tenderneſs cheriſhed their *Captives*, That their Swords did but cut out work for their courteſie; Thoſe that fell by their proweſs, ſprung up by their favours, as if they had ſtruck them down only to make them rebound the Higher. I hope your *Highneſs* as you are the Rival of their fame, will be no leſs of their vertues; the nobleſt Trophy that you can erect to your Honour is to raiſe the afflicted. And ſince you have ſubdued all oppoſition, it now remaines that you attach your ſelfe, and with Acts of Mildeneſſe vanquiſh your victory. It is not long ſince, *my Lord*, that you knocked off the Shackles from moſt of our party, and by a grand releaſe did ſpread your clemency as large as your territories. Let not new proſcriptions interrupt our Jubile. Let not that your lenity be ſlandered as the Ambuſh of your

further

further rigour. For the ſervice of his *Majeſty* (if it be objected) I am ſo far from excuſing it, that I am ready to alledge it in my vindication: I cannot conceive that my fidelity to my Prince ſhould taint me in your opinion; I ſhould rather expect it ſhould recommend me to your favour; Had not we been faithfull to our *King*, we could not have given our ſelves to be ſo to your *Highneſs*; you had then truſted us *gratis*, whereas now we have our former Loyalty to vouch us. You ſee my *Lord*, how much I preſume upon the greatneſs of your Spirit, that dare prevent my Indictment with ſo frank a Confeſſion, eſpecially in this, which I may ſo juſtly deny, that it is almoſt arrogancy in me to own it; for the truth is, I was not qualifi'd enough to ſerve him; all that I could doe, was to bear a part in his ſufferings, and give my ſelfe up to be cruſhed with his fall; thus my charge is double (my obedience to my Sove-

raign, and what is the result of that, my want of a fortune;) Now what ever reflections I have on the former, I am a true penitent for the latter; My *Lord* you see my crimes! As to my defence you bear it about you; I shall plead nothing in my justification, but your *Highness* Clemency, which as it is the constant inmate of a valiant breast, (If you graciously please to extend it to your Suppliant in taking me out of this withering durance,) your *Highness* will finde that mercy will establish you more than power; though all the days of your life were as pregnant with victories, as your twice auspicious third of *september*.

Your *Highness* humble, and
submisssive Petitioner.
J. C.

TO
The Earle
OF
WESTMORELAND.

My Lord,

IT were high presumption not to be proud on this occasion, and I should be no lesse then a Rebell to Eloquence, if the lines you sent me,

had not raiſed me above my ordinary Levell, ſo that to expreſſe my gratitude, I muſt renounce my humility, and purchaſe one vertue at the price of another: and well may my modeſty ſuffer in the ſervice, when my reaſon it ſelfe is overwhelmed with the favour. To ſee a perſon of your Lordſhips Eminence poſſeſt of Nobility by a double tenure of birth and braine ſo to bend his greatneſſe as to ſtoope to me, who live in the valley both of parts and fortune is ſo high an honour, that who rightly conſiders it, if he be not ſtupedly ſenceleſs, will be ſenceleſſe with extaſy I for my part am loſt in amazement, and it is my intereſt

to

to be ſo; for not knowing otherwiſe how to give your preſent a fit reception, it is the beſt of my play to be beſides my ſelfe in the action; you ſee my Lord how I imply my ſelf of my native faculties to be ready for thoſe of your inſpiring; as the Prophets of old in a ſacred fury, ran out of their wits to make room for their diety. I ſhall not need hereafter to digeſt my conceptions, I ſhall ſpeak by inſtinct, for where you deſigned to viſit me with your lofty numbers, what was it elſe, but to make me the Prieſt to your Lordſhips oracle, ſuch is the ſtrength and ſpirits of your fancy, that me thought the Poem like

the richeſt

richeſt wine ſent forth the ſteam at the opening, what flowed from your braine fum'd into mine, it is almoſt impoſſible; to read your lines and be ſober you, you my Lord are the favourite of the Muſes, your ſtraine is ſo happy, and hath a reputation ſo faire and matchleſſe, as if you had a double key to the Temple of Honour to let in your ſelfe and exclude competitours. It is you my Lord who have cut the clouds and reacht perfection; who having mounted the cliffe lend an hand, to me who am labouring yet in the craggy aſcent; ſo powering are the praiſes you pleaſe to beſtow on me, and my deſerts ſo groveling that

to

to ſhew you my head is unworthy your height, 'tis not able to beare them, but it grows giddy with the præcipice: It paines me to be ſet upon the laſt of an Hyperbole, you do but crucify my tender merit thus to diſtend it at length and breadth: conſider I pray you that the leaneſt Endowments would be plump and full thus blowne up with a quill, and that there is none ſo dwarfiſh whom the rack would not ſtretch to a proper man: *It* is an excellent breathing for a puiſſant Wit to over-bare the world in defence of a Paradox, and a good Advocate will weather out a cauſe when there's neither truth nor tackle to

aſſiſt

assist his invention. I perswade my self you had never undertaken to write my Panegyrick, but that you saw it was to combat the tide and to put there abilities to the utmost test in so unlucky a subject. Little do you thinke what store of oppolites your opinion will breed you, for though you be so powerfull in the Art of perswasion, that should you turne Apostate, there would need no more but to toll the Bell for religion, yet this is an Heresy where you stand alone, and like Scæva in the breach with your single valour duell an Army. And now my Lord if I be not mistaken

I have found the motive that induced you to oblige me, you are tied by your order to give protection to the weak and succourlesse, so I must change my addresses & thank your red ribband for my commendations; such and so many are the flowers of Rhetorique you have heaped upon me, that I run the hazard of that Olimpick victor who was stifled with posies cast upon him in Approbation of his worth. Which fragrant fate if I should sustaine, what is there more to make me enamour'd of death, but that the same florist should strew my corps

corps in a funeral Oration? Could you think my Lord that suppressing your name was able to conceale you, when it is so easie to winde you by your phrase? The sweetnesse of the language discovered the Author, like that *Roman* senatour who hiding himself in time of proscription, his perfumes betraied him. But I shall not arrest your Lordships affaires with a further interruption, my Lord you have ennobled me with your testimony, and I shall keepe your paper as the patent of mine honour, yet give me leave to tell you that among all the Epithets you pil'd so artificially to build me a fame,

fame, there is one wanting to accompliſh my ambition, and which I beſeech your Lordſhip I may enjoy for the future; that is, to be eſteemed.

Your Honours humble
Servant,
Jo: Cleaveland.

FINIS.